



R I D O T T O :

O R,

D O W N F A L L

O F

M A S Q U E R A D E S .



(Price Six-Pence.)

WORLD OF
RIDOTTO:

O R

DOWNE ALL

O T

MASSQUERADES

THE

(Price 50 Cents)

PORTICO.

R I D O T T O :

O R,

Downfall of MASQUERADES;

In Commendation of the suppos'd Author of the POEM,
lately publish'd, call'd,

T H E

B A W D Y - H O U S E :

A

P O E M.

---*pulset lasciva decentius atas.* HOR.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *A. Moore* near *St. Pauls.*
M.DCC.XX.III.

R I D O T O

Down

In Commence

B A W D Y - H O U S E

P O E M

R 66508

for

W O M O M

Printed

W O M O M

To H—Y M—T, Esq;

S I R,



SOME Pieces of your poetical Performance, communicated to me, before ever I heard of your appearing in Print, having given me an Idea of your Stile; I, with more Reason, consequently, than most others, judg'd you to be the Author of the deservedly applauded Poem lately publish'd, call'd, The Bawdy-House; by which, 'tis evident, your Purpose was to explode, and if possible, discountenance the unlawful Mansions of Lewdness and Obscenity, which too much abound in this our fair Metropolis.

Since therefore no approv'd, and profess'd Practitioner in Poetry, has hitherto been virtuous enough to follow your laudable Example; I, (who being a M---te, am

B

resolv'd

The DEDICATION.

resolv'd to leave no Means of exposing Vice and Immorality untry'd,) have taken upon me, as well as I am able, to second your worthy Design.

Thus, Sir, you being the sole Cause of this my first poetical Attempt, I may, with Reason hope, you will not refuse it your powerful Patronage and Protection: And tho' your penetrating Judgment will, at first Perusal, discover its numberless Deformities and Imperfections; yet I depend on your Generosity to excuse them; nor doubt but that the Lawrell'd Fraternity, into which you are worthily initiated, will, for your Sake, forbear to pass too rigorous a Censure on this well meant Endeavour of your humble Dedicator, and ingenious Sir,

Your most devoted and

*From the T--b--l in
H--k's Hall,
Feb. 28.*

Most obedient Servant,

Moses Statute.



R I D O T T O :

O R,

Downfall of MASQUERADES.



USPITIOUS Bard! whose late successful Lays,

Both Moralists and Libertines do praise.

Thy matchless Genius does at once, with Ease,

The various Tastes of diff'rent Humours please.

Rakes with lewd Phraſe are tickl'd by your Muſe,
Quid-Nunc's applaud her for exploding Stews,
 Ath'iſts for daring Scripture to abuſe.

Inſpir'd Reformer, ſtill with your Satyr quaint,
 Purſue the canting Bawd who'd paſs for Saint.

Proclaim her Wiles, her Stratagems expoſe
 Her baneful Arts, to Cully 'Squire diſcloſe,
 And ſave, at once, his Mony and his Noſe.

Ceafe not your ſharp poetick Rage to pour
 On fawning, rotten Youth-deſtroying Whore.
 Spoil the pernicious Trade o'the loathſome Minks
 Extirpate *Hill's* and *Needham's* filthy Sinks,
 And cure the Town half poiſ'n'd with their Stinks.

Long

Long has the Churchman preach'd, in vain, to prove
 Damnation is the End of lawless Love.
 In vain his Sermons has with Judgments cram'd,
 Loudly pronouncing Fornicators damn'd.
 In vain are Laws by Legislators wise
 Ordain'd, lewd Brothel Haunters to chastise:
 Still Bawds procure, still Letchers stallionize.
 In vain does C---p---r from awful Bench,
 Condemn to Cart's-tail prostituted Wench,
 In vain the Father of her Child decree,
 To bear in *Bridewell* hempen Drudgery.
 Spight of the Parson, Justice, Laws severe,
 Still Debauchees in Lewdness persevere.

You

You tuneful Bard, and you alone have found
 The Way, to keep Mankind both chaste and sound,
 Perverse Mankind! Law never yet has tam'd,
 If often punish'd, still the more inflam'd;
 By your soft Verse the Monster's now reclaim'd,
 So has the boist'rous Horseman often try'd,
 With Reins ill manag'd, Whip and Spurs apply'd,
 In vain unruly headstrong Stead to ride.
 The Beast enrag'd at unexpected Blows,
 Frets, foams, kicks, prances, and his Rider throws.
 Him gentle B---d---th does, with Ease, command,
 He makes him walk, passage, trot, gallop, stand,
 Yield just Obedience to his skilful Hand.

What batter'd Rake your Bawdy-house has read,
 And does not Syringes and fluxing Dread:
 Who does not shudder at th'Incision Knife,
 And Death prefer to painful pocky Life,
 Ev'n H---ms now chaste, so long to Flesh enur'd,
 As tough a Wight as ever P-----x endur'd.
 I wish his S---k---rs with Lust were cur'd.
 Oh! had young M---g, hapless Youth, been taught
 What direful Ills malignant Strums have brought;
 Had he, instructed by your Verse, but known
 What shanker'd Invalids have undergone,
 He tortur'd n'er had been with Ulcers sore,
 Instead of Flannel still Brocade had wore,
 Still in his Face the comely Bloom had bore.

When

When you the Vices shall have all detected,
 Of Stews obscure, and petty Bawds corrected :
 Then try your Genius in a higher Sphere,
 Lampoon attempt on Mother *H--d--g--r*.
 That old ill-favour'd mercenary Jade,
 Who formerly did drive her bawdy Trade,
 Under the Umbrage of a Masquerade :
 The best contrivance Bawd e'er hit on,
 For propagating sly Fruition :
 For never yet did am'rous Enterprize
 Fail of succeeding in a safe Disguise.
 Ev'n Prudes so kind and loving are in Mask,
 They'll say you're welcome to't, before you ask.

Long

Long with Success this Trade her Bawdship drove,
 And long in Mammon and in Lewdness throve.
 At length the * Mytre did the Crown address,
 Her noxious vizer'd Revels to suppress.
 And so to humour Mother Church, offended,
 The Masquerades of Mother Bawd were ended.
 She thought it hard, and with Regret did quit
 A Bus'ness which so well her Genius hit.

But being famous for a fertil Brain,
 She did not long thus unemploy'd remain.
 † Ridotto's soon her plodding Pate projected,
 By'th' Court approv'd of, by the K---- protected.

C

But

* The B---ps complain'd to the K--- of Masquerades, as noxious, and prevail'd on his M---y to suspend them.

† An innocent Entertainment approv'd of by the Court, instead of Masquerades.

But here she is not suffer'd to receive
 Her Guest in Mask, only herself has Leave,
 To wear the frightful Vizard Nature gave.
 No Pranks obscene can this Assembly know,
 Fits to a Hair insipid modern Beau;
 Who tamely does his Appetites confine,
 To harmless dangling, and Apparel fine.
 Here no **Hibernian*, with his Engine Square,
 Disguis'd, can burn the Fist of masked Fair.
 Nor Rake in Garb of holy Capuchin,
 With †corded Instrument of Discipline,
 Can threat with Penance the veil'd bashful Nun.
 Where

* Irishmen are said to have very large Members, which, in Ridicule are called Square ones

† Cords which Capuchin Fryars wear to their Habits, as an Emblem of Penance and Chastisement.

Where Virtue reigns, Vice dares not show her Face,
And therefore has no Bus'ness in this Place.

Tho' *H---d---g---r* (against her Will, God knows,) }
Now quits the gainful Trade of Bawdy-House ; }
Yet still sins on, and Cheat notorious grows. }
Basely she treats her good Ridotto Guest ; }
Great Prizes takes ; yet in her paultry Feast, }
Th'imposing Hagg, gives nothing of the best. }
Stale are her Sweet-Meats, her Wine balderdash, }
Her whole Collation's nothing else but Trash, }
And she, instead of Gold, deserves the Lash. }
Therefore do you in Verse the Baggage maul, }
Rail at her Feast, her Lottery, and Ball. }
I'll trounce the cheating Bitch in *Hicks's-Hall*. }

F I N I S.

Where Virtue reigns, Vice dares not show her Face,
And therefore has no Business in this Place.

The H---d---y (against her Will, God knows)
Now quits the gainful Trade of Bawdy-House;
Yet still sins on, and Cheat notorious grows.
Barely she treats her good Ridotto Guest;
Great Prizes takes; yet in her panting Heart,
Thimposing Hagg, gives nothing of the best.
Stale are her Sweet-Meats, her Wine balderdash,
Her whole Collation's nothing else but Trash,
And she, instead of Gold, deserves the Lash.
Therefore do you in Verse the Baggage man,
Read of her Fears, her Lottery, and Ball,
I'll trounce the cheating Bitch in Nick's Hall.

